

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO.
8. W. Corner of Third and Chestnut Streets
Second Story.



EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1841.

80 PER ANNUM.
80 IN PAID IN ADVANCE.
81 IN 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS.

WHOLE NO. 1029.

Original Communications.

Written for the *Penitentiary Evening Post*.

April.

The sky is white with fleecy clouds.

The hill is with pale green.

The trees are green and there.

A budding tree between.

The wind goes cheerfully along.

Or the night away.

And to the birds a sweet post.

Like children at their play.

And taking on the forest leaves.

Or patting on the soil.

The raindrops glisten down.

How green and red it is!

How happy and wavy sweet.

The trees every one as light.

As though the birds were here.

Up a sunny night.

How fast the sky has changed to blue.

How bright the sun appears!

At April is a widow's month.

The birds are singing in the woods.

When birds are singing wide.

And in the grass the raindrops above.

Like children at their play.

On April I love the April skies.

Through April's warmth, will.

They make me think of brighter days.

That birdie when a birdie flies.

Could drive my spirits away.

Alas! who membe'st not our love.

We never more are gay.

Written for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The Heiress.

A Tale of Domestic Life.

By T. MARSHALL.

What think you of Miss Talbot, Harry?"

Edward Sleyton to his friend.

"She is pretty—accomplished—unrueable—and quite a belle."

"Drawn out as you but a month at yesterday, she is a fine fellow, what is the matter with you that you can't perceive where every one else perceives it? Miss Talbot!"—said, she's not without a rival, and there such a fortune.

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